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The Cantatrice.

(From the *Guide Musical*.)

I have never found it possible to approach one of these queens of song and rulers of the stage without being struck by the anomalies and the breadth of her existence. What an exciting life is theirs! How many people gather round them! What attentions! What homage! What interests are at stake! What passions! What other woman—what idol, I ought to say—ever saw so many fervent devotees at her feet? But, on the other hand, what hard work! What emotions! What unceasingly renewed fatigue! The public, which never cares for aught save results, little suspects what efforts, continually renewed, what assiduous labor, what intelligence, what patience, what reflection, is required even from the Cantatrice who has attained the apogee of her talent and her reputation, to keep the position she has achieved, to nurse her voice, on which everything depends for her, to preserve her strength, to learn the secret of constantly varying her natural capabilities, and of actively interpreting the innumerable different parts in which she must successively excite admiration. If to all this we add the fact that she has to learn her parts, frequently very long and bristling with difficulties; that she must attend rehearsals; that she cannot withdraw from the world; that people quarrel and almost come to fistieuffs for her society; that, in one season, she sometimes sings more than thirty times elsewhere than at the theatre; that she must be always ready, always well up to the mark (*bien entraînée*), and never inferior to herself; that she has not even the time to be ill; and that, in this life of struggles, in which everything must excite and enervate her, a neglected cold, by destroying the marvellous instrument which she possesses within herself, and to perfect which she has devoted twenty years, is sufficient to ruin her whole future, we may form some notion of her strange destiny.

Well! It is the very fragility of such an existence which sets loose so many passions—I might say, excites such acts of madness—around her. The public know that the voice which, with its divine accents, sends them into ecstasies, hangs on a thread. They know that at any moment they may be deprived of it for ever. This is what renders them so prodigal of their applause. This is what works them up to indulge in so many recalls. This is what suggests the enthusiastic hurrahs, the crowns of flowers, the serenades, the unharnessing of horses from carriages, the princely presents, and the homage of sovereigns—nay, of women themselves—vertiginous ovations, which the Cantatrice at last cannot do without, to which she becomes accustomed, and which cause her to traverse the entire globe at the risk of encountering unknown fatigue, and all sorts of perils: braving shipwreck and pestilence. The world calls her the world wants to see and hear her, to revel in her song and in her beauty. Think of the appalling satisfaction of *amour-propre* in the existence of a Malibran, a Sontag, a Jenny Lind, a Grisi, a Patti, or a Nilsson, and tell me whether, having everything in their favor, youth, beauty, fortune, talent, burning affection, and universal homage, these happy fair ones are not really the queens of the world, and if they do not exhaust everything adorable and profound in life. Tell me, moreover, whether a man of genius, as a reward for an entire existence of severe study, of study soaring into the highest spheres of intelligence, and, as its result, raising the moral level of humanity,

tell me, I repeat, whether such a man ever received from his contemporaries the like marks of esteem and tenderness? After this, speak of justice, if you dare.

I have just shown you one side of the existence of the Cantatrice. Now look at the other, all you, who, in your secret hearts, envy her this life of rapture. For the very reason that the position of a queen of the stage is a most enviable one for a woman, and almost the only one which allows her to hold a distinguished place on the stage of the world, how many women dream of it! how many women are ambitious to possess it! To what ardent rivalry does this give rise? to what wars of savages? How many ambuscades have to be avoided? how much hypocrisy must be borne, how much treason must be feared, and how many mistakes must be dreaded? The fury of a mother, whose infant has just been torn from her breast, is nothing compared to that of the artist, old and worn out, when a younger rival, gifted with superior powers, comes to take her place. The latter must keep good watch and ward. For a long time she will live in an enemy's country.

"In my dressing-room, in which you see me," said one of them to me, with closed doors, "I should not dare to confide anything important to you, even in a whisper. The walls do not possess ears, but I am always surrounded by spies. I am bound to suspect all those about me, my dresser, my hair-dresser, my own maid, my fellow-artists, my manager, and even the man who pays court to me! . . . They want to know what I think; what I propose doing with my holiday; whether I shall renew my engagement; and, if so, on what terms; if I feel well; if I am ill; whether I am in love, alas! . . . and, above all, whom I am in love with, for, as you saw on the occasion of Cruvelli's marriage, and Patti's, we are not allowed to choose a husband to suit our own taste."—Another said to me: "Would you believe it? I never dare traverse, without trembling, the long dark corridors which separate my dressing-room from the stage. I feel that I am so beloved here that I always fear a trap will open beneath my feet, and that I shall be precipitated, with all my bones broken, into the vaults below."

A third lady—she was a *dansseuse*, by the way—told me one day that she had nearly trodden on some fragments of glass, scattered about her dressing-room. Who had put them there? The object in view was to lame her.

Be well assured of one thing: the leading lady, the *diva* of every large lyric theatre, merely to maintain her position, to keep up her friendships, and to disconcert her foes, must employ with her manager, her fellow artists, with authors, with composers, with pressmen, with members of the fashionable world, and with persons holding office, a thousand times more astuteness, political cleverness, tact, and prudence, than a constitutional sovereign—if he entertains the surreptitious idea of governing—in his dealings with his people and his ministers. To render her quite complete, she ought to have the soul of a Richelieu with the exterior of a fairy and the voice of a siren. Everything depends on the last; everything is in the voice. The voice is the key of the arch in the fragile edifice of the Cantatrice. The brutal and ungrateful public, who constitute her strength, pitilessly discharge her the instant her voice becomes frayed. Nothing is then left to the queen of song but the cruel recollection of her sovereignty.

One more characteristic fact. Endowed with such seductive power, these ladies—these stars as they are called, and the figure is well chosen, for how many satellites gravitate around them—excite extraordinary devotion, poodle-like

attachment, and, also, ardent passion. But such passion, even when satisfied, is not happy. Every queen is a slave. Each moment, the whole life of these queens is engrossed by art. If they are mothers, they can scarcely find leisure to look after their children; if they are wives, they are intuitively acquainted with the sentiments which they portray and which entrance us, but they have not time to feel them. It is not with them that a lover can give himself up, of an evening, to long sweet chit-chat by the domestic hearth, when everything is hushed in repose and when the fire glows a ruddy glow; when a couple feel so happy alone; when thought unbosoms itself without effort, and when amenity flows from the lips as from a spring full of freshness and purity! Similarly, the lover of one of these fair stars can scarcely reckon on enjoying the chaste pleasure of a poetic and silent walk, on the hill covered with sombre forests, when Nature lies as though stupefied with sleep, and when the speakers surprise themselves talking in a whisper. The poet gives only a part of himself to the public.

The Cantatrice gives them everything: her time, her soul, her beauty! He she loves is Romeo, when she plays Juliet; Edgar, when she plays Lucia; Faust, when she plays Gretchen; and Otello, when she plays Desdemona. Even in the tenderest outpourings of the soul, if, once or twice in her life, by some extraordinary exceptional chance, she finds the leisure necessary for indulging in them, she is anxious and pre-occupied. Her soul is not given up to them. Her soul belongs to art, infinite in its foras, and varied in its means; to art, that pitiless Sphinx, who devours all whom her enigmas confuse and render incapable of guessing the answers. Thus, when she is playing, the *Divia* does not belong to herself, and, in her very rare moments of rest, she vegetates, but no longer lives. She experiences the profound ennui, the sombre nostalgia which seizes one, in the absence of any passion, when one has the misfortune to possess as ardent disposition. What she then beholds, in her imagination during the day, and in her dreams at night, is the rough flooring of the stage, the gloomy corridors, and the uninteresting pipes whence issue a row of flaming jets. The odors she breathes are not those of the balmy grass, rising upwards beneath the pale light of the stars, but the mephitic smell of gas. The sound, also, to which she listens with pensive brow, is not the song which murmurs at the bottom of every soul, but the tumultuous uproar of frantic clapping of hands. For her there is no reverie, no voluptuous idleness. Every time she is about to sink down exhausted, an inward voice cries: "Up, soldier!" She must march—I beg pardon—she must sing, even unto death, spite of grief and lassitude; she must smother her hate, and she must restrain her tears. Oh! how that smile, that eternal smile, which is so becoming, must torture her! The truth is that the slightest imperfection might cost her dear. We who gain admission by payment into the theatre, do not understand being deprived of our pleasures. But if any sorrow, annoyance, or the slightest of those accidents which occur so naturally in everyone's existence, should happen to paralyze the powers of the Cantatrice, the public are directly ill-natured. "What is the matter with her this evening?" A whole theatre is thus agitated. Meanwhile, at the back of a box there is a man who sees this, and feels his soul devoured by the torments of hell. What a subject for a romance, of a romance full of rage, hatred, ecstasy, and frightful jealousy,

could be written on: *the Lover of the Cantatrice*. If Heaven spares my life, I mean to attempt it.
ERNEST FEYDEAU.

The Common Uses of Music in Germany.

[From The Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter, Oct. 1.]

Six mountain valleys meet together in Langen-Schwalbach, and this long village squeezed in the cleft between two hills, and forking out into the two Brunnen valleys at the upper end, gets its living by lodging-house keeping, small shopkeeping and small farming on the hill sides. It was interesting to me, during a fortnight's stay in this place, to study the musical practices and habits of such a primitive looking German town of 2000 inhabitants.

I need not say much of the band which played at the different brunns, or bubbling springs of iron water, for five hours every day. It consisted of about 20 players, and included the string, reed, and brass instruments in due proportions. Its programmes, in addition to the dance music which popular taste demanded, were well seasoned with overtures by classical composers, and sometimes a symphony by Beethoven. The conductor was quiet but commanding, strengthening the violin part with his own instrument when occasion demanded. The players were attentive to their work and gentlemanly in conduct. The precision of stroke and the expression were very good. Every morning they began their work with some well known chorale, in four plain parts. A German cannot well hear a chorale without thinking of the words to which he has heard it sung all his lifetime, so that this was truly a religious way of commencing the day's duties. When the lark had not called us earlier in the morning to taste the brunnen and the mountain air, it was very pleasant to be awakened, at seven o'clock, by the pure, steady harmony of one of these chorales, streaming through our open casement.

As the schools are the beginning of everything, I went to the schools. My old friend, Herr Becker, sen., recognized me, after eighteen years, and received me with great kindness. His girls were at their singing practice. They were all supplied with books containing a large collection of school songs and music, of a size that would be sold for about two shillings in England. And I found on enquiry, that although these children of peasant-proprietors, and lodging-house keepers, pay but small fees for their education, yet they provide all their own books! So greatly is music valued by the German people. Alas, in many English schools it is difficult to get the parents to pay even a halfpenny a month for school music. The teaching is chiefly by ear, while the music lies before the eyes of the pupils. Thus it was that the Contraltos did not always sing the notes which were in the book, but sometimes put in more natural and easy harmonies. It was also noticeable that the Contraltos carried their Thin voice far down, with the usual meagre effect on the low tones. There was scarcely any of the Upper Thick register, and none of that *manly* Lower Thick which is so enjoyable in the woman's voice. But we must remember that there are very few English schools where the voices are properly divided and the registers properly used. There was a certain richness in the quality of the tone, which comes from the mountain air and the German language with its open vowels, but I was disappointed in not seeing the mouths sufficiently open, nor the vocalized breath thrown so forward in the mouth as to produce the best quality of tone. If I had not expected better things in Germany than we are familiar with in England, I should not have noticed this. It was pleasant to see how, catching by sympathy the good taste of Herr Becker, the girls entered into the true expression of the words; and there were much fewer non-singers than one sometimes sees in English schools. In a much larger school at Wiesbaden, I had the opportunity of seeing part of the

process by which tunes are taught. The teacher bids his pupils open their manuscript book of poems or their printed reading book at a certain song. (In this school, which was not the highest, the scholars have no music before them, but they learn the words previously, by rote.) He then calls upon the trebles to sing their part of the tune while he plays it on the violin. This being done he goes through the same process a number of times with the contraltos. Thus far the process had been carried on a previous day. On the day of my visit the teacher called on the sopranos to sing their part while he played the contralto part, striking in with the highest part if he found them singing wrong notes or flattening. This being done twice, he called on the Contraltos to sing their part while he played the Soprano part. After correcting errors he allowed the two parts to sing together, while he, with his violin, went to the help of one part or the other, just as he thought they needed it. He cultivated soft singing and good expression. The idea of making independent readers of music does not seem to occur to German schoolmasters. But I must not forget Mr. Becker. I had the great pleasure of being present while he on Friday evening prepared the Protestant children (as a Catholic teacher was preparing the Catholic children in another room) for the psalmody of the coming Sunday. It was interesting to see with what simplicity and earnestness, and with what few words, he carried the children into the spirit and feeling of the hymn. He then required it to be read first by one pupil and then by another, taking care that it should be read out distinctly and seriously, but also in an expressive manner. The pupils, both boys and girls, were each trying to read well, so as to satisfy their evidently beloved teacher. Next came the chorale, which had generally been learnt before, but in which the voice of the teacher helped when necessary. When this had been once sung, it was sung again, each form of five or six children, standing up, singing a line alone, the next form taking up the tune, singing their line promptly. Here also was a useful emulation. Musically considered, the clear attack and the steady holding of the tones which this psalm singing required was evidently a very valuable piece of vocal training. But the moral and religious training was the most valuable of all. If the Germans are all thus taught in childhood we cannot wonder that they love their chorales.

In the church I fancied that the singing had become a little quicker, or rather slightly less slow, than when I heard it in the same place eighteen years ago. The pulse of the German nation is beating higher. The tunes were very clearly struck and well sustained. The tones were pitched too high for Bass voices to join in them, and only a few tenors could be heard floating lazily on the great flood of woman's voice. This is what they call unison, what Mr. Barby and Dr. Stainer wish introduced in England. The organ was played by the Schoolmaster. The little interludes at the end of each line were no longer heard, but those between the verses are continued, and they had the effect I thought of restoring the key to the ears of the congregation and so keeping up the pitch. Some of the tunes sounded very familiar, doubtless because the recent revival of psalmody in England has taught us many German melodies. I was glad to hear "Pascal" or "Hursley" again, in its original form, as a flowing tune rising into eloquence, to a "sevens" metre hymn. The heavy, clumsy rhythm by which some English compilers have adapted it to long metre hymns contradicts the very spirit of the tune itself.

In my former visit I had overheard some delightful duet-singing in the Hotel next door, and permission had been given to me in a very free and friendly manner to come in and listen to the two young daughters of Herr Kling, the landlord of the Kränich. They were singing Franz Abt's duets for their own amusement with great taste and good quality of voice. I hear that one of them is now an accepted pub-

lic singer, who will doubtless, one day, be heard in England. By the help of my own bad German and Herr Kling's good humored English I made myself known again, and obtained permission to attend, with my brother, a rehearsal of the Männergesangsverein of the village of which Herr Kling is the conductor. It was held, not in a "gast-haus" like others I have visited, but in one of the public school rooms. Being the first in the room, we had occasion to appreciate and enjoy the German practice of saying good evening, or good morning, even to strangers, when you meet. The sound of one another's voices brings us nearer together than silence can do. The fellowship of humanity is very pleasant. We were put on friendly terms with each gentleman as he entered the room. Herr Kling placed us where we could hear best, and out of compliment to our nationality sang two pieces of English music. First, Wainwright's "Life's a bumper" to German words, and second, Spofforth's "Hail smiling morn." Many other pieces were afterwards sung from their large collection of music printed and manuscript. There was a little carelessness of time and of expression in the early part of the practice, as though the singers had not thoroughly warmed to their work, but afterwards time, tune, and expression were admirable, and they sang "Die Wacht am Rhein" as though they loved every note of it. Occasionally a first tenor would try to urge his Thick register too high, and so make his voice stand out harshly; but as a rule the Thin, or falsetto register was well used, and was much stronger and fuller than is commonly the case in England. This development of the counter-tenor voice was partly owing to the long practice on men's voice music, and partly to the age of the singers, for it was very noticeable to me that the greater part of these thirty gentlemen were what we should call "old singers"; the youngest being probably twenty-five, but the greater proportion of them between thirty and fifty years of age. The absence of young singers I could not account for, and had not German enough to ask about it. It was, however, interesting to observe how long the counter tenor voice will last, in beauty and force, when properly trained.

Perhaps the most interesting exhibition I saw of the common uses of music among the German people, was in connection with the Sedan-fest. On the eve of the day, as soon as night began to fall, after a due proportion of bell-ringing from both Protestant and Catholic churches, the firing of mortars and small arms, from the hills overhanging the town on every side, was heard. Then, from the hill which stands at the fork between the two Brunnen valleys, at the head of the town, there was a long display of Bengal lights, whose varied colors attracted an array of visitors to the spot from which all could best be seen and heard. But the young men had gone up the steepest of the mountain sides overlooking Schwalbach. We could see blazing light marching up the hill; then came a cheer from distant voices, and a great bonfire blazed out against the dark sky. And while the people through all the long village were gazing at the sight, not angry with the French people, but grateful that their homes had been saved from Napoleon, Bazaine, and others, a response to their hearts' feelings came floating out of the darkness, while the trumpet-tones of a powerful band, playing the familiar chorale "Now thank we all our God," were born upon the breeze. Then followed more firing of mortars, more spreading of colored lights among the mountain ways, and again the invisible musicians sent forth another sentiment of the people's heart, "God save our Prussian king." It was strange to an Englishman to hear the tones of our own National Anthem welcomed also as theirs. May this musical fellowship long continue, a true token of the unity of two great nations! After a few more fireworks, it was impossible that these mountaineers of the Rhine district, who had contributed their full quota to the defence of their country, should

conclude the evening without the heart-stirring tones of "The Watch on the Rhine."

On the Fest day itself, by Herr Becker's great kindness, we were allowed to witness, from the windows of his school-room, a very interesting ceremony. Some twenty young ladies of the town, dressed in white with sashes of the national colors, black, white, and red, were to present a new flag to those men of Schwalbach who had been to the war. I need not describe the decorated platform, the Männer-gesangverein with their flag, the band, which is indispensable on all such occasions, or the beautiful procession of healthy girls; but the good clear elocution and the unfaltering style in which the laurel-crowned young lady uttered the thanks of the women to the men who had kept them free, deserves especial praise. Very few ladies except our own good English Queen could speak so well. The poor helmeted gentleman appointed to reply was so much overcome by it that he lost the best part of his speech, and had to finish nearly all his sentences, "we shall never forget," "we shall never forget." The Schwalbach yeomanry, led by the band and the girls in white, the new banner going before them, and the great crowd of townspeople following, formed themselves in procession, marched through the length of the town, and then along the beautiful valley of the Wein brunnen and for a mile up through the beech woods to an open space at the top of the hill called the "Wild Boar's run." There are no wild boars there now, but some industrious persons had been authorized to set up a great number of roughly prepared benches and tables, and to provide bread and butter and wine and Seltzer water at very moderate prices for all purchasers. As we reached the place we saw the brave girls in white leading the procession up to the spot. Some fifteen hundred people must have been there to enjoy themselves. First, our friend Herr Becker's schoolchildren, standing around him lovingly, sang a number of their prettiest school pieces. Then after an interval the Band played. After another interval the Männer-gesangverein stood with their backs to the mighty beech-trees, and sent forth a glorious and beautiful power of sound. After another interval and another playing of the band, to my surprise and delight I heard the sounds of a mixed voice choir. Eighteen years ago it was only in such cities as Heidelberg and amongst cultivated people that I found choirs of ladies and gentlemen singing together. The women managed the church singing, as they do still, and the men made themselves well heard in their gesangverein. It was a new thing to me to find a mixed-voice choir in a German village. As I think that the fellowship of the sexes is a great softener of human manners, I was very glad to see the change. It has taken place, I understand, within the last few years. The "Concordia," which includes within its ranks Jews, Protestants, and Catholics, sang with admirable taste, and the broad, rich chords of the mixed voices formed a good contrast to the manly sweetness and force of the men's voice music. After another interval, yet another mixed voice choir, composed entirely of Catholics, sang more of the beautiful national music. This choir was rich in the number and quality of its voices. But what we noticed particularly as we stood listening to these mixed voice choirs was the comparative youthfulness of the tenors and basses. Now we understood why there were so few young singers in the Männer-gesangverein. I hope that the just popularity of the mixed voice choirs will not deprive Germany of her glory in men's voice singing. I wandered about under the trees, saw the family groups taking refreshment and play, and a few of the young people dancing; but I heard no noise of drunkenness, and saw no token of excess. After the men had made the great beech wood reflect their voices once more, and long before the gloaming, people wended their way homeward. It struck me as a remarkable thing that a small country village of 2000 inhabitants

could produce three distinct, well sustained, and ably conducted singing societies. Is there a town or village in England, of the same population, which can do as much?

JOHN CURWEN.

Wagneriana.

It appears that, in addition to his own *Niebelungen Trilogy*, Herr R. Wagner intends having Beethoven's *Fidelio* and Mozart's *Don Giovanni* performed at his Bayreuth National-Festival-Stage-Play Theatre, for which, according to report, he has just engaged two new prime dames: Mmes Friedrich-Materna and Rosenfeld. Here is a letter said to be written by the great Musician of the Future to the editor of a Spanish paper:—

"Sir, your country is at this moment a victim to civil war, that is, to devastation, despair, and anarchy; you have already expended sums which can no longer be reckoned by millions. You know me well enough by name, Sir, to be capable of refusing to grant the request I address to you. It is time that this civil war should come to an end. Do you not think there is only one thing by which that can be effected? That one thing is music, and, moreover, my music. Be kind enough, therefore, to direct the attention of your Government to the subject; prevail on them to abandon this unnecessary war and send me to Bayreuth a number of workmen, to help in completing my theatre. If you could get up a subscription which should cover the expenses of my undertaking you would be rendering an immense service to art, to real art."

It is almost incredible that this letter can be genuine, but Herr R. Wagner has written such strange ones at various times, that, in his case, incredulity ought not always to follow improbability. Besides, the sentence: "You know me well enough by name to be capable of refusing to grant the request I address to you," is perfectly unintelligible, and, therefore, rather in favor of the authenticity of the document. Time will prove whether or no the letter is a hoax. Meanwhile, let us hear the *Eco d'Italia*, a paper published in New York:—

"The journals insert a letter written, some few weeks since, by Richard Wagner. It is dated from Bayreuth, and addressed to the editor of a periodical Review. This epistle, perhaps, apocryphal—is a strong protest, on the part of the author of *Lohengrin* against the indifference and apathy of which he has been the object in Germany. Alluding, especially, to the construction of his Bayreuth Theatre, and to the new—and most magnificent—opera, *I Nibelungen*, he defines his project as: 'a national idea,' and adds, disappointedly: 'I have vainly endeavored to find in Germany 1,000 persons who would subscribe the 300 dollars each . . . I have been my intention to offer the performances at Bayreuth gratuitously to the public . . . no class of society, nobles, capitalists, or men of science, have chosen to assist me . . . the only persons who have remained faithful to me and my works are the operative classes; they alone form my strength. But, as the masses possess no pecuniary resources, I have been compelled to descend to a compromise:—we shall sell the places, reserving 500 for necessitous musical artists—though nearly all German musical artists have behaved so badly, and—to speak the whole truth, so ridiculously towards me. Thanks to a credit I have succeeded in getting opened, my performances are assured for \$75, and, if the large circulation of your Review could be employed in the collection of funds in support of my enterprise, I should feel most obliged to you and the American public.'"

The above letter, like the first one quoted, may not be genuine, but there is a strong Wagnerian flavor about it. Meanwhile, the composer is busily employed in scoring his *Götterdämmerung*. He, also, devotes a very considerable portion of his time to engaging his future company. A Frankfort paper states that he has asked the artists to attend all the rehearsals and performances gratuitously; Madlle. Oppenheimer, Herren Niemann and Betz have consented unconditionally, but Herr Scaria has consented only partially. The three last-named artists have lucrative engagements at the Court Theatres of Berlin and Vienna. They can afford to be liberal if they choose. Not so, however, those engaged by private managers, who are strongly disinclined to make any sacrifices for Herr Wagner and his works. Mad. Cosima Wagner has consequently been under the necessity of penning several letters, brimming over with indignation, and addressed "to the egotistical race of actors, who are destitute of anything like idealistic enthusiasm." But not only does the question of interest play a prominent part in Herr R. Wagner's plans; the artists must possess exceptional qualities to fit them to take part in his National-Stage-Plays. One quality indispensably required in them is size. How can anyone of ordinary stature represent such giants as Herr R. Wagner's *dramatis personae* are? This consideration is the cause of serious anxiety to the composer, who is always going about with a foot-rule in quest of giants, like Frederick the Great, of Prussia, when recruiting for his Guards. The matter has been taken up by the good Bayreuthers, who, whenever they see anyone of more than ordi-

nary height pass along the street, exclaim: "Ah! there is a Nibelung! Cannot we secure him?"

The scores and separate parts of the *Trilogy* fill several chests. The horses from the Royal stables at Munich are expected every day. They will be subjected to a careful course of training to fit them for the Walkyres and Brunhilda. The latter, as our readers may remember, has to jump, steed and all, into a burning funeral pile.—*London Musical World*.

"Harold in Italy:" Symphony by Hector Berlioz.

This work belongs to the genus "Programme Music," and here is the programme as appended to the programme of Mr. Thomas's first Symphony concert.

BYRON'S celebrated epic poem, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," inspired Hector Berlioz to compose the above named symphony. The exile, who tries to flee from himself; who is driven restlessly from country to country; the man with a soul torn by grief, with a heart overwhelmed by sorrow and deceived hopes, is the subject of this symphony. But Berlioz not only adopted the hero, but made him his own by instituting into his work a new idea. He brings his hero into the midst of a grand surrounding nature, into life and light full of sunshine, into impressions of majestic grandeur, which form a wonderful contrast with the state of mind and soul of the broken hearted and blasé Childe Harold. Before him pass scenes of religious devotion and of love, but all these only tend to fill Harold's heart with new pang and new hopelessness and despair. Nothing, neither the glowing sky of Italy, nor the feelings which fill the hearts of innocent and happy men has impressed him. He still despairs, still hates the world and perishes in this conflict between his better nature and himself. Childe Harold rushes into the company of the most despised of men, carouses with brigands, and in the wild excitement of their orgies, tries to find his death, and dies with a word of scorn against mankind on his lips.

In this symphony, Berlioz introduces the novelty of representing the hero by a solo instrument, the *Viola*, to which he gives an individual melody. This melody is carried through, floats over, and mingles with all the themes of the different parts of the symphony, changing in mood and rhythm, but always prominent and recognizable. The single parts of the work may be analyzed as follows:

PART I. The first part of the Symphony is entitled "*Harold in the Mountains; Scenes of Melancholy, Happiness and Joy.*" It commences with a fugato theme in cheerful, sombre coloring; presently the theme that personifies Harold is heard, singing his thoughtful monody, he seems to repeat the words of the poet:

There are wanderers o'er eternity,
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er shall be."

But though the soul strives to forget itself amid the dreams awakened by the sight of a glorious landscape, it strives in vain. The monody becomes weaker, and the dying tones of the *Viola* betray Harold's weariness; but the orchestra takes up his theme, and returns it enlarged and full of new life. A figure of triplets is heard leading to the allegro, which takes a gradually richer glow, and, at last, the character of overflowing joy.

PART II. The second part of the Symphony is entitled "*March and Evening Prayer of the Pilgrims.*" The rhythm of this march is broken, at every eighth bar, by a sort of musical imitation of psalm-singing voices, murmuring to themselves the monotonous responses of the evening litany. Harold, sunk in silent reflection, allows the pilgrims to pass him by; the *Viola* betrays his presence by the monody that floats over the clear evening scene. The march is interrupted by a religious chant; earnest and devout harmonies float through the air, whilst in the lowest tones of the basses the rhythm of the march continues, gradually dying away in the distance; twilight comes on; night and silence bring the stars; Harold has looked, listened and dreamed, and yet he remains untouched.

PART III. In the third part, "*The Sirenade of a Mountaineer of the Abruzzi to his Beloved,*" Harold witnesses a scene of love, which still only touches him superficially. A scherzo with lively rhythm begins this part, a sirenade of country instruments, like that of the Italian Pifferari, droll, sparkling, merry and full of sympathetic humor. This ritornello is followed by a song, in the melody of which is recognized the romanza of the enamored shepherd, whose unembarrassed affection Harold beholds with sadness. His monody gains larger proportions; then the romanza of the mountaineer is lost in coquettish turnings; then the Pifferari ritornello is repeated; and finally these themes are intermingled and worked up together, dying away in the morendo with which the movement closes.

PART IV. "*Orgy of Brigands;*" Reminiscences of the preceding scenes, is the title of the fourth and last movement. The movement begins with the motive of the orgy, which is soon broken by passages from the preceding movements; but the orgy sounds above them all, as evil passions that drown all better feelings. Harold's monody enters; hollow-eyed and spectral, his figure stands haggard, almost unrecognizable, surrounded by wild companions. The monody loses its individuality, like the meaningless ideas of a wandering brain; it is dragged into a wild rhythm of an allegro frenetico, when the bacchanal motive of armed outlaws is first clearly distinguished. But suddenly, unexpectedly, the pilgrims' march sounds in the distance. Harold answers this last appeal to his better nature, only by broken sighs and undistinguishable sounds. A crashing union brings the orgy again, and a strotto of great power of design and coloring closes the tone-poem.

History of Music by Fétis.

The *Gazette Musicale de Paris* gives some account of the fourth volume of "L'Histoire Générale de la

Musique," by Fétis, which is in the press. The ninth book, with which this new volume opens, is devoted to the history of singing in the Eastern churches:—

The mission of the Apostles, the chants of the first Christians, the liturgy in the first two centuries, and the adaptation of religious songs to popular melodies, form the contents of its first chapter. In the second chapter, are treated the liturgical chant of the Greek church, the masses of St. James, St. Basil, and St. Chrysostom, the distinctive characteristics of the hymns and the anthems of the Greek and Roman Liturgy, the authors of the hymns of the Greek church, and the mode of executing these hymns. The third chapter treats of the musical notation of the Greek church, and of the reform that had for object its simplification. The following chapters treat of the details of the vocal music of the Syrian churches, of the Armenian liturgy music, of the music of the African churches, that of the church of Alexandria, of the Coptic and Abyssinian churches, and the false ideas of Europeans on the music of the Eastern nations. The last chapter of the ninth book closes with general considerations on the diversity of liturgies and songs in the Eastern churches, and on the character of Eastern Christianity in the first centuries.

The tenth book treats of the music of the Western Churches: it opens with details of the hymns of the Christians in the Catacombs of Rome, and of the introduction of the Eastern Liturgy into the Western Church. After this come a series of chapters on the following subjects:—

1st, the Ambrosian chant; the psalm chants; sources of the liturgy; the traditional use of Rome and that of Milan; the work of Saint Ambrose; ornaments of the ancient chants of the Church, their simplification. 2nd, the songs of the Roman Church; the reform of Saint Gregory; the tradition of the sending of the Antiphonaire of Saint Gregory to Charlemagne; the truth respecting the Gradual of Saint Gall; the discovery of the Montpellier Manuscript, so important for a knowledge of the liturgical work of Saint Gregory; the theory of authentic and plagal modes as set forth by Guido d'Arezzo. 3rd, the notation of vocal music in Europe, from the fall of the Roman Empire to the eleventh century; the notation in Latin Letters anterior to Boëce; the neumatic notation. 4th, characters and modifications of the different parts of the music of the Catholic Churches; Roman and Gallican liturgies; ecclesiastical chants composed by the Popes; tradition of Roman singers sent by the Pope to Charlemagne; the chants of the Roman mass and of the hours; the author of "Dies Irae."

The eleventh book treats of the position of music amongst the several nationalities of Europe from the fifth century to the end of the eleventh. The heads are as follows:—

Music of the Celtic race; the Gauls, their bards, their instruments, and their songs; the bards of the Bretons and of the Cambrians; the wandering minstrels; the music of the ancient Irish and Scotch; the music of the Anglo-Saxons; the music of the ancient Germans and the Scandinavians of the middle ages; music among the Latin people from the fifth century to the end of the eleventh.

The volume finishes with a chapter on "Diaphonic" and "Organum." It contains a great number of interesting plates, ancient examples reproduced in facsimile, and translated into modern notation, pictures and examples of the neumatic notations, and figures of instruments. It is understood that the text follows the manuscript left by the deceased author and entirely written by his own hand; not a line, it is stated, has been added to his text, which M. Edward Fétis, his son, has simply seen through the press.

Liszt and Mad. Olga De Janina.

A new romance, *Souvenirs d'une Cosaque*, par Robert Franz, has just been published in Paris by Lacroix and Co., and has already reached a second edition. The author is a woman; the papers have raised the veil beneath which she was concealed, and Robert Franz has become Mad. Olga de Janina, a pianist of talent, who played at the Cercle Artistique of Brussels in the winter of 1872-73.

These *Souvenirs d'une Cosaque* have made a great noise in the republic of art. The principal male character, masked under the letter X, is, we are assured, the "great" Liszt, to-day a Romish Abbé, of whom Mad. Janina was the pupil and intimate friend. It is the history of their intimacy which the Cossack pianist has signed with the name of Robert Franz.

The work is rather lively; Liszt is not represented quite as spotless as ermine in it. It calls a spade with an amount of boldness approaching very nearly to cynicism, but, at any rate, people will not say that Mad. de Janina is afraid of showing herself as she really is: eccentric, savage, impassioned, capable of loving even to crime, an enemy of everything common-place, trampling on all vulgar ideas of decorum, and living in society with the freedom of a Cossack horse let loose in the midst of the Russian steppes. Her accomplice, the Abbé X, is also treated without ceremony; pitilessly stripped, he appears before the reader as an artist inflated with vanity, intoxicated with flattery, eaten up with self-conceit, and having only one idol in the world, namely: himself.

It may truly be said that these two persons are nailed to the pillory, or the stool of repentance, by a pitiless hand. Mad. de Janina does not spare herself any more than she spares the Abbé Liszt. Her sincerity is really the sincerity of a savage.

The book is written with a diabolical dash. Its style is redolent of the authoress' birth-place, and, from its very harshness, is characterized by an acrid tone which will especially please the readers of modern French literature, so vulgar in its numerous productions.

Les Souvenirs d'une Cosaque were not exactly written for perusal by the inmates of a boarding-school.—*Chronique*.

Liverpool Musical Festival.

[From the *London Times*, Sept. 26.]

Next week Liverpool will celebrate a musical festival in a manner to which her history is no stranger, though the great northern port lies open to the charge of blowing hot and cold about events of the kind. It seems liable to a recurring festival fever, the attacks of which have a variable duration, and are followed by a period of weakness. To establish this by details in themselves not without significance at the present day, we have only to look over the musical records of the last century—records meagre enough in their early portion, but sufficiently full as regards later doings. It is exactly ninety years ago that Liverpool held its first musical festival on behalf of local charities, and in obvious imitation of those Three Choir gatherings, the existence of which, threatened long, is now actually imperilled. The musical journalism of the period avoided details almost as much as it kept clear of criticism; but we know that the entertainments were curiously varied, and might justly have borne the title of "grand combined." There were performances of sacred music in St. Peter's Church, secular concerts in an appropriate building, a fancy ball, and some horse racing. The whole lasted four days, and the receipts are said to have been £2,000. Six years later (1790) another festival was held, similar in character and purpose, followed by yet another in 1799, with which the first series came to an end. A period of reaction now set in, and lasted twenty-four years; for it was not till 1823 that the Lancashire town entered upon a second course of these artistic celebrations. Musical reporting, at all events in musical journals, had so much improved by that time as to leave us in possession of full details with regard to the performances; but even the leading paper of its class, the *Harmonicon*, is silent as to the persons by whom, and the means by which, the revival was accomplished. We know, however, that the Liverpool enterprise had to contend with the formidable rivalry of a grand gathering at York, held just before, and that it did so with creditable success. The festival was conducted by Sir George Smart, Messrs. Francois Cramer and F. Mori being "leaders," or *chefs d'attaque*, with Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens (the present Dowager Countess of Essex), Miss Goodall, Mr. Braham, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Phillips as principal vocalists, foreign art being represented only by Signor and Mme. de Begnis. Among the chief features of the programme were the *Messiah*, *Mount of Olives*, Mozart's *Requiem*, and selections from *Israel in Egypt*, *Creation*, *Jephtha*, *Joshua*, and *Judas Maccabeus*, the preponderance of Handel being thus made especially noticeable. It was on this occasion that Mr. Henry Phillips made, in "Honor and arms," what was called "a very respectable first appearance." Although the proceeds of the festival amounted to £6,000, it had no successor till 1830, when, with the King as patron, five concerts were given, three in St. Luke's Church, and two in the New Amphitheatre, Sir George Smart again acting as conductor, and Mr. F. Cramer as "leader."

The principal vocalists on this occasion were Mme. Malibran, Mme. Stockhausen (mother of the now eminent German baritone), Mrs. Knyvett, Mr. Braham, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Knyvett, Mr. Edward Taylor (afterwards Gresham Professor), Mr. Bennett, and Signor de Begnis. We have also handed down to us the names of the chief instrumentalists, among whom were Messrs. Loder, De Beriot (husband of Mme. Malibran), Lindley, Dragonetti, Nicholson, Cooke, Willmann, Mackintosh, Platt, Harper, Smithies, and Chipp—a representative group scarcely to be excelled, if history bear truthful witness, even in the present more advanced period of art cultivation. The programme was one of varied excellence; its sacred portion including Spohr's *Last Judgment*, just previously heard at Norwich for the first time in this country; the *Messiah*, and selections from the *Creation*, *Solomon*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Samson*, *Judas Maccabeus*, and Graun's *Crucifixion*, besides a number of separate pieces, including Callcott's *Last Man*, Bishop's *Battle of the Angels*, and a chorus from Kunzen's forgotten oratorio, *The Hallelujah of the Creation*. Prominent in the secular scheme were symphonies by Haydn and Beethoven, and a MS. overture to a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by a young German, then nineteen years old, named Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Respecting this work, a contemporary critic observed, "The greatest novelty was Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the playful offspring of youthful genius and a fertile poetic imagination. Judging from this early specimen of the author's talent and ability, what may we not expect from him at some future, but not very distant, period!" Well might the writer have thus exclaimed had he known that, at the moment, his hero was busy with the *Hebrides* overture, the *Scotch and Italian* symphonies, and the *Walpurgis Night*, having just finished the tone-epic which celebrates the struggle and triumph of the Reformation. Great as were the attractions of this festival, it did not benefit the charities so largely as its predecessors, and not till 1836 could the Liverpoolians make up their mind for another effort. Having resolved upon a venture, they spared nothing to secure a good result, and so far succeeded that it may be questioned whether, with the exception of the Birmingham Festival of 1846, any celebration of the kind has had reason to be held in such honored memory. The inseparable Sir George Smart and Mr. F. Cramer were again conductor and "leader" respectively; the vocalists being Madame Caradori, Miss Birch, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Knyvett, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Mr. Braham, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Bennett, with Ole Bull and Mr. Bochsa as principal instrumental soloists. In accordance with precedent, the concerts began on Tuesday evening, ending on Friday morning, and among the chief items of the programme were Spohr's *Christian's Prayer*, a work never destined to be popular in this country; the indispensable *Messiah*; selections from *Solomon*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Jephtha*, &c.; and last, but far from least, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, which oratorio, having been produced at Düsseldorf on the previous 22nd of May, was heard for the first time in England, and absolutely for the first time as we know it now, sundry alterations, including the removal of an entire air—"Der du die Menschen lasset sterben," since published in Novello's edition of the composer's songs—having been made. The soloists were Madame Caradori (who sang the music intended for the lamented Malibran), Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Shaw, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Phillips. Every reader of musical history knows that this performance rendered the Festival of 1836 memorable, and with it closed in a worthy manner the second series of Liverpool gatherings. Not long afterwards the town began to erect the great hall which is now one of its distinguishing ornaments, and from time to time paragraphs appeared in the musical journals having reference to another Festival. This, however, never took place, mere inaugural performances not claiming Festival rank only being given; and eventually Liverpool settled down into comparative insignificance as regards the "divine art." The example set by Bristol in 1873 has, however, brought forth fruit; and next week it will be our duty to record the beginning of a third series of Festival performances, which, it is hoped, will be the last, because continuous.

How much Liverpool has grown in wealth and importance between 1836 and 1874 needs no telling, and it can hardly be matter for surprise that the approaching musical solemnity will far transcend the best of its predecessors. The entire community seems to have taken the matter up with genuine zeal; and not only do we find the names of her

eyes, before mine eyes!

ff
I see on ev' - ry side, her

f side, her,

f See, in a gulf pro-

splen - did rays ex - tend - ing!

p

found Our Zi - - on is des - cend - - - ing... ..

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The score is divided into systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *ff* (fortissimo) and *p* (piano). The score ends with a long, sustained note in the vocal line, indicated by an ellipsis.

our Zi - - on is des - -

ff I see Zi - - on's head in the

ce - - ing!

skies, I see Zi - - on's head in the

p How

skies,..... In the skies!

sf *p*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for page 80, featuring vocal and piano parts. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into four systems. The first system contains two vocal staves and two piano staves. The vocal parts have lyrics: "our Zi - - on is des - -". The piano part has a forte (*ff*) dynamic and lyrics: "I see Zi - - on's head in the". The second system continues the vocal part with "ce - - ing!". The piano part continues with "skies, I see Zi - - on's head in the". The third system shows the vocal part with "How" and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano part has "skies,..... In the skies!". The fourth system shows the vocal part with "In the skies!" and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano part has a fortissimo (*sf*) dynamic and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano part features a complex rhythmic pattern with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

low, a - las, how low!

How high and O, how

Hear her cries full of woe!

glo - rious! Hear her

Hear her cries of woe! hear her

songs all vic - to - rious! Hear her songs vic -

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The third system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes dynamic markings such as *sf*, *f*, *p*, and *fp*. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

cries of woe!..... hear her cries! hear her

to - rious, her songs,..... her songs!

cries! hear her cries!

hear her songs! hear her

f O Zi - on, thou art doom'd, Thy

songs! Hear her songs!

fp

Majesty and various members of the Royal Family in the list of patrons; but the Duke of Edinburgh acts as president, supported by ninety-one vice-presidents, including nearly all the foreign consuls, and a council numbering 125, with the Mayor, A. B. Walker, Esq., at its head. The general conductor is Sir Julius Benedict, whose intimate relations with Liverpool, as *chef d'orchestre* of the Philharmonic Concerts, not less than his ability and professional rank, emphatically nominated him for that honorable and onerous position. M. Sainton, *facile princeps* of his order, acts as leader of a band numbering more than a hundred instruments; the organist is Mr. T. W. Best, and the chorus of three hundred voices has Mr. James Sanders for its doubtless efficient master. So far, good; but an equally important element of strength is found in an imposing array of solo vocalists, at the head of which stands Madame Adelina Patti, whose name throws a prospective distinction over the entire Festival, such as nothing else could give. The great artist will be associated with Mdle. Albani, Miss Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Bentham, Mr. E. Lloyd, Herr Behrens, and Mr. Santley—a goodly company, strengthened by the addition, as solo instrumentalists, of Fräulein Dora Schirmacher (piano), Mr. Carrodus and Herr Straus (violins). Properly enough, the Festival begins on Tuesday morning, Sept. 29, as the last Festival ended, thirty-eight years ago, with Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*; after which the sacred programmes will include two parts of the *Creation*; Gounod's mass *SS. Angeli Custodes*; selections from the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*; and Sullivan's *Light of the World*, conducted by the composer. Among the secular works, which, like those just named, are to be performed in the Philharmonic Hall, the chief are Mozart's symphony in G minor; Beethoven's *Pastoral* and Mendelssohn's *Italian*; the last-mentioned composer's concerto in G minor for piano and orchestra; a new Festival March by Professor Oakley, of Edinburgh; a new Festival Overture by G. A. Macfarren; Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette" and cantata *Jeanne d'Arc*; and a descriptive piece for orchestra in four movements, entitled, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, by Mr. John Francis Barnett. These novelties are more than sufficient to invest the occasion with special interest, and there only remains for us to add that a grand ball will take place on Friday night, as well as a competition of choral societies, choirs, and soloists, in St. George's Hall, after the fashion set at the Crystal Palace National Music Meetings; and that, on Saturday, the same societies, &c., will give a grand concert. This is a heavy week's work, but there can hardly be a question that the resources accumulated at Liverpool will prove equal to it.

September 29, Evening.

A finer performance of Mendelssohn's magnificent *St. Paul* than that which opened the first Liverpool Triennial Festival to-day, in the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh, has rarely under any circumstances been listened to. As nearly as possible faultless in almost every detail, it reflected the highest credit on Sir Julius Benedict and those who sang and played under his experienced direction.

This Liverpool chorus, we cannot but think, in such qualities as help to realize the *beau idéal* of choral singing, has few, if any, superiors. In the choral "To God on high be thanks and praise," the same perfection was remarked. The intonation of the Lancashire singers was scrupulously correct in soft passages as in loud, to say nothing about the never-failing precision of "attack" or about the "ensemble"—harmony itself, not merely because of the careful balance of power, giving to each separate department its appropriate significance, but also because of the careful training to which every member of the choir has cheerfully submitted in advance. For this surprising efficiency credit is in a great measure due to the local "chorus-master," Mr. James Sanders, whose ability and zeal lay claim to unconditional acknowledgment. The praise bestowed upon the choral already specified is equally due to the others, through whose means, while guarding that reticence which some of his imitators are less careful to observe, Mendelssohn imparts so broad and significant a coloring to his essentially Protestant oratorio. The plaintive and pathetic "To Thee, O Lord," and "Sleepers wake! a voice is calling," one of the most striking passages in the episode of Saul's "Conversion," were instances signally in point. Each was given in such a manner as to bring out in its strongest light its impressive solemnity.

Further than this, the execution of all those full

choruses set out by elaborate orchestral accompaniments was equally beyond criticism; and, not to enter into a new description of things so often described, we may add that the intermediate choruses, such, for instance, in one sense, as the impetuous "Stone him to death," in another sense, "Happy and blest are they who have endured," and "How lovely are the messengers who preach the Gospel of Peace" were just as accurately delivered as any of the others, and distinguished, moreover, by a delicacy congenial to their peculiarly smooth and melodious character. The choral singing, in a word, was all that could possibly be desired. The leading solo vocalists, Miss E. Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, were, without exception, more than equal to the occasion.

September 30.

The first "miscellaneous" concert of vocal and instrumental music, deserves more than a passing notice. In accordance with long established custom, we subjoin the programme, as a fair example of what such things ordinarily are, and on special occasions prove most acceptable:—

PART I.

Symphony in G Minor.....Mozart.
Aria—Herr Conrad Behrens, "Qui sedeno".....Mozart.
Aria—Mdle. Albani, "Qui la voce".....Bellini.
Concerto (G minor) for pianoforte—Miss Dora Schirmacher.....Mendelssohn.
Cavatina—Madame Adelina Patti, "Erani involami".....Verdi.
Festal March, "Edinburgh".....Professor H. S. Oakley, [of Edinburgh].

PART II.

Grand Festival Overture.....G. A. Macfarren.
Aria—Madame Adelina Patti, "Ombra leggiera".....Meyerbeer.
Cavatina, for violin.....Joh. Raff.
Three Hungarian Dances, violin and pianoforte—Herr Ludwig Straus and Miss Dora Schirmacher.....Brahms [and Joachim].
Cavatina—Mdle. Albani, "Oh luce di quest' anima".....Donizetti.
Song—Herr Conrad Behrens, "Der Wanderer".....Schubert.
Song—Madame Adelina Patti, "The Bird that came in Spring".....Benedict.
Overture—*Tannhäuser*.....Richard Wagner.

A better selection could hardly have been made out. Effective contrast and variety of style, combined with sterling excellence, no matter under what guise presented, were its distinguishing marks. All tastes were consulted, and thus all tastes were gratified, each in its peculiar way. It must in truth be recorded that music of the very highest order was not exactly that which seemed most to please the greater number. As an instance, it will suffice to state that Mozart's Symphony in G minor, one of the most finished and original orchestral works that ever came from the pen of a composer, no matter how naturally gifted, no matter how thoroughly versed in the theory and practice of his art, though admirably played under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict, and listened to with interest by some genuine amateurs, who would gladly have heard one, or even two, of the movements over again, produced but little effect on the majority. Perhaps a lighter and gayer work of the kind would have suited them better. Herr Conrad Behrens, from Her Majesty's Opera, gave the air from *Il Flauto Magico* impressively enough; but the first sensation was created by Mdle. Albani, who sang the well-known air from *I Puritani* in a style of which London amateurs need scarcely be reminded, and at once roused the sympathies of the audience. Nothing could be more gracefully and unpretentiously expressive than the singing of the fair Canadian, who was applauded and called back with unanimity.

The young pianist, Miss Dora Schirmacher, pupil, we are informed, of Herr Reinecke, the Leipzig *Capellmeister*, did honor to her master and credit to herself by her spirited execution of Mendelssohn's first concerto. She gave the first and last movements with the vigor which is their predominant characteristic—the *rondo* more especially; while in the middle movement (*andante*) one of the most charmingly melodious inspirations of its kind, she exhibited not only a delicate touch, but real feeling. Such promise at the early age of 15 merits cordial recognition. The audience were gratified beyond measure, and expressed their approval in the heartiest manner. During the second part of the concert Miss Schirmacher accompanied Herr Straus in the three "Hungarian Dances" arranged by Brahms and Joachim for violin and pianoforte with the ease and readiness of a trained professor. The masterly performance of Herr Straus lost nothing by the co-operation of so clever an accompanist. After Mendelssohn's concerto, Mdme. Adelina Patti—a vocal heroine whenever and wherever she appears

—came forward, amid enthusiastic plaudits from every part of the hall, and sang, in her own incomparable manner, the famous *cavatina* from Verdi's *Ernani*. Her delivery of this showy and brilliant air—remarkable no less for fluency and vigor than for a delightful equality of tone throughout all the notes in the register of her voice, from high to low, has been more than once described in befitting terms; and there is no necessity to say more than that, as usual, it made the liveliest impression. With the equally well-known and still more popular "Ombra leggiera," from *Dinorah*, it was the same as it has always been. An encore too emphatic to be ignored was the consequence; but in place of repeating Meyerbeer's picturesque *scena*—for *scena* it is, and nothing less—Mdme. Patti gave "Home, Sweet Home," in that simple and unaffected manner with which we are all acquainted.

The "Festal March" of Mr. Herbert S. Oakley, Musical Professor at the University of Edinburgh, was well played and well received. It is spirited and effectively arranged for the orchestra, and while occasionally suggesting certain reminiscences of one or two of the marches composed on various occasions by Mendelssohn, it is the rhythm alone that conjures them up, Professor Oakley being too conscientious and too earnest a musician wilfully to plagiarize from any master. The "Festal March" is dedicated to the Duke of Edinburgh, who, at the end of the performance, graciously sent for the composer to express his satisfaction; and this was the more appropriate inasmuch as the work was written to commemorate the wedding of his Royal Highness and the occasion of his becoming patron of the Edinburgh University Musical Society.

The Festival Overture by Mr. Macfarren, which opened the second part of the concert, merits deeper consideration than can be given to it after a single hearing. That it is the work of a consummate musician may be taken for granted. It is full of vigorous life, and scored for the orchestra with a skill that only ripe experience can bring. On the whole, it was extremely well played and thoroughly answered its purpose.

The *Athenæum* says "the radical mistake of the mornings devoted to sacred music was the substitution of Mr. Sullivan's dull and dreary "Light of the World" for the "Messiah." The *Times*, on the other hand, thinks Mr. Sullivan's Oratorio a work of genius. Of some of the smaller works the *Athenæum* says:

The three orchestral novelties produced at the evening concerts, by Mr. G. Macfarren (Festival Overture), Prof. Oakley (Festal March), and Mr. J. F. Barnett (Descriptive Piece), will not detract from, if they do not add to, the reputations of the three English composers. The Overture is stately in the opening slow movement, and jubilant enough in the quick portions; but clever as is the instrumentation, the piece is too full of breaks and surprises. It is *quasi-military* in character, the trumpets and the *grosse caisse* being too obtrusive, and made more so by excess of zeal on the part of the players. The Prelude made little impression, and the clever composer was not called for. The March is essentially Mendelssohnian in type, is well scored, and has some pleasing points in its *trio*. Mr. J. F. Barnett's contribution is the most ambitious of the three compositions; it is termed "Descriptive Piece," but in its form it is *quasi symphonic*. Its proper denomination would, perhaps, be "Suite de Pièces." The composer has endeavored to embody the incidents of Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in four movements, called (1) Fair Melrose, (2) Lady Margaret and the Knight, (3) The Elfin Page, and (4) the *finale*, Chant Triumphant, "The Triumph of Cranstoun." The Germans would call the piece a "programme overture." Mr. Barnett possesses grace and facility of instrumentation; his form is orthodox, and his treatment skilful; but it is difficult to realize the imagery he purposes to depict, and there are no special themes which strike the ear as being novel; the Romance is the best movement. The *scherzo* is like all fairy pictures which have been composed since Weber in "Oberon" and Mendelssohn in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" supplied the peculiar *motivi*.

The juvenile pianist of Liverpool, Miss Dora Schirmacher, if her head be not turned by her successful *début*, bids fair to take a high position; but the selection of Mendelssohn's G minor concerto was a mistake—it is beyond her physical powers at present. Still her touch in the *adagio* was sympathetic, the general reading was accurate, and for

her age, fifteen years, the young lady has fluent fingers. She was associated with Herr Straus in three Hungarian Dances, by Herr Brahms and Herr Joachim; the violinist, in an *adagio* by Herr Raff, displayed skill, finish, and refinement.

Despite the classic symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, and the brilliant overtures of Weber, Mozart, Rossini, and Herr Wagner, the star singers were the absorbing attraction at the evening concerts, Madame Adelina Patti, carried off the honors as usual. This brilliant vocalist introduced two new songs—that is, new to her, Sir Julius Benedict's bravura, "The Bird that came in Spring," with flute *obbligato*, Mr. F. Brossa, and a Valse by Signor Visetti. Brilliant, however, as were Madame Patti's *tour de force*, and excited as her hearers were by her marvellous scales, executed with such unerring precision, and with such richness in quality by a voice which has sensibly gained in the medium and lower notes, it was in Sir H. Bishop's ballad, "Home, sweet home," that she most thoroughly enlisted the sympathies of her audience. Mdlle. Albani made a favorable impression, particularly in her ballads, in which her holding high notes tell.

M. Gounod's "Joan of Arc" music and his "March of a Marionette" were duly appreciated, and would have been still more valued had he been present to conduct the works, as he had engaged to do.

Mr. Sims Reeves was able to take his part in the performances on Wednesday evening; but, as cold prevented his singing in "St. Paul," there really was nothing in the sacred selections worth his undertaking. The absence of our great tenor from any Handelian oratorio is a palpable mistake. Mr. Reeves, as we have remarked, contributed greatly to the success of Mr. Sullivan's work on Thursday morning.

It is feared that there will be no surplus for the charities of Liverpool. No Grand Ball, and there was to be one last night (Friday), will compensate for a "Messiah" morning receipt.

Of the competition, in St. George's Hall, of choral societies, choirs and soloists yesterday, and of the concert by successful competitors this day (Saturday), it is not expedient to write. Such a pale reflex of the silly National music competitions at Sydenham can have no influence on art advancement, and is an ignoble ending of a Festival week.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 31, 1874.

"Best Seats."

It seems ridiculous, but it is none the less true, that concert-givers,—we refer particularly to the larger series of orchestral concerts in a large hall—find the most serious obstacle to their success in the fact that so many people are so set and hard to please in what would seem to be the very secondary matter of the choice of seats. Do they really love good music? and shall they not be glad to get it in any seat in a fine hall where they can listen and enjoy it undisturbed? We have a fine hall and a very large one,—one in which music sounds well in all parts. It requires a large audience filling a large hall, at popular prices, to make any orchestral concerts pay their way. Yet many of our concert-givers act as if it should be taken for granted that only a small portion of the fine large hall is fit for use. "Give us such and such seats, and we shall be glad to attend your concerts; otherwise we must respectfully, (sometimes "indignantly") decline!" Actually, so the providers of the best music tell us, most audiences are more exacting in the matter of choice seats, than in the matter of the composition of the orchestra, the programmes, and the music altogether.

Where is the remedy? We fear no prize, however tempting, would elicit the invention of a hall in which two thousand people could all be put into the five hundred "best seats." Perhaps it might be worth the while to build a music hall in which the main floor should be all "centre," and the balcony seats all "front." This accomplished, a still greater

problem would remain unsolved: we still want a hall in which every seat shall be a "corner" or an "end" seat! Nine out of ten, in choosing their places for the season, put this condition in their application; they must have an "end seat." Well, double the area of your hall, and that may be contrived.

Here then is a serious, a ridiculous dilemma. Plenty of people are ready to subscribe for a long series of concerts of the most classical description; but half of them must couple it with the condition that they must have the best seats; and they are much "disgusted" when they go to the ticket office to inspect the diagram, and find a half or a third part of the seats crossed off before them; and away they go proclaiming that there are no seats to be had, "all sold," when there are really a thousand left, which would content any person who cares very much to hear the music, and is supremely happy if he can only hear it from whatever corner in a hall presumed to be acoustically good.

We can respect the *habitué's* attachment to his long wonted seat, on the principle of the boy's getting the "hang" of the schoolhouse; or the scholar's love for his habitual arm-chair in the same spot in his library. And there are some drawbacks very properly avoided in a concert room; such as exposure to a draught, or a talking, inattentive neighborhood, or a hot, crowded corner, or a seat close under a too high stage, where one must almost break his neck in looking up. But, with a few exceptions, there is scarcely a place in our great Music Hall which is not cheerful, comfortable and good for hearing.

Perhaps the oddest experience in the opening sales of tickets for Symphony Concerts, and the like, is the preference of the first comers for one side of the hall. After the first choice, for instance, for the Harvard Concerts, it was found that nearly all the front seats in the left balcony were taken, while barely three or four were marked out in the right balcony. For this we hear two explanations: Some are governed by the fact that they happen to have seen several well-known musical persons, connoisseurs, accredited "authorities," seated there year after year, and so they rush to the conclusion that those persons think those seats the best, when, if they were consulted they would tell us that they really had no preference, that from mere habit or some accidental or official reason they sat there. The second explanation is simply ludicrous, and ascribes it to a motive which is hardly worthy of a moment's respectful consideration: it is, that they wish to "see the hands" of the pianist! What then! is the mechanism by which the music is accomplished so much more interesting than the music in itself! Is not the *ars celare artem* still the highest art? Give us your music; let it reach our heart and soul, delight the sense, and kindle the imagination, but keep the machine out of sight, if you please, as much as possible. What we want is to hear Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn,—to hear and feel their glorious creations, not to take note of your flying fingers; it is the woven garment, not the spindle or the loom we care for. The Music is the thing; and for that we have ears. We doubt very much if one can truly hear the music, drink it in and feel it, while he is so intent upon the player's bones and muscles. We are even inclined to think it would be better if the performer were invisible.—There, dear young ladies, pray forgive the old man's growl! It is kindly meant, and for your sake, that you may have more of the deep joy of music, and not be quite consumed in all this anxious, eager emulation of relentless technique. A lesson, do you say? a lesson by example from distinguished artists? That is all very well; but a lesson in

what? The artist is not there to teach you how to use your fingers; that is for the school room; he is there to teach you what a wealth of meaning and of beauty there is in the masterly composition of which he happens for the time to be interpreter; that is a lesson worth the while, and needing all the costly opportunity of orchestra and concert room. You do not take a powerful lorgnette with you to church or popular assembly, and scrutinize the lips, teeth, tongue of orator or preacher; you simply listen to his speech, with the aid of his expressive face and gesture. We are not insensible to the beauty, the subtle and expressive beauty of a deft and finely moulded human hand; next to the face, it is the most expressive portion of the human body; but not more so in executing terrible *tour-de-force* upon a key board, than it is in the natural and graceful gesture of conversation, or in repose. Now for our own part, we have enjoyed a seat for several years, at Symphony Concerts, in that same coveted "left balcony," but at a point whence we have seen, never the fingers, but always the back only of the pianist; and we were quite contented, so long as we heard the tones. We confess, however, that we have often wished that we were only on the other side, so that we might not only hear, but also see the music glowing and beaming in the face of the inspired interpreter; but then we caught it reflected in the faces of the audience, like an unconscious multiplying mirror, and was not that as good?

—But we are digressing. To return to the dilemma: 1. No self-sustaining Symphony Concerts without a great audience, large enough to pay for a great orchestra; 2. No great audience unless they can all have the best seats! There is the trouble in a nutshell. Where is the remedy? We look in vain for any, unless it lie in a deeper and stronger love of music in and for itself. We have always noticed that it is not the most musical persons who are the most particular about their seats. It is the half or quasi musical, those who go to concerts from divided motives; to see and to be seen, to have free access of visitors, to slip away easily, to be physically and socially comfortable, or (at expense of some discomfort) to be in the fancied fashionable quarter, the "*galerie noble*," or what not. Your real devout lover of good music likes to hear it from all points and distances, now one and now another, now right in the middle almost of the orchestra, now from the floor, and now the side, now from the highest, farthest gallery, by the Apollo. It is but a few years since certain musical people used to sit there, and very soon these seats were found to be in great demand; now it is the left balcony; we would venture a small wager, that let three or four well-known musical "authorities" go and seat themselves repeatedly far back under the wide end gallery, and that would soon become the preferred quarter. At all events it is a question which every one of us should put to himself, when he is fussy and particular about his seat: Is it not really because he does not love good music so well as he thought he did? Musical artists, amateurs whose very life is music, go and wander about the hall, or drop into the first chance place that happens to be vacant, and instantly their conscious souls are with the orchestra, their bodies only where they sit. That young man leaning over the uppermost balcony, right over the orchestra itself, as one leans over the stern of a ship absorbed in the boiling maelstrom below, depend upon it, little envies you your "best seat in the house"; he has the music and forgets his seat, and therefore his seat is the best.

Concerts.

The new BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB (Messrs. LISTEMANN and associates) propose soon to give a

series of Chamber Concerts, probably in Mechanics Hall. We trust we may then hear, what we have missed so much ever since the old Quintette Club began a roving life, a goodly number of the fine old string Quartets and Quintets of Beethoven, Haydn and the other noblest masters. Certainly the means of this new club for the interpretation of such works are excellent; and while they give us specimens of their skilful playing upon various instruments, we trust that in these city concerts the staple of the entertainment will be the classical masterworks for strings.

The concert at Beethoven Hall, Oct. 14, to which we had room barely to allude before, formed the introductory bow of these fine artists before a Boston audience (unfortunately much smaller than it should have been), and set forth their respective excellence both as soloists and in concerted music to great advantage. The programme, to be sure, was too much of the kind that pleases in the country, made up mostly of a string of solos, but it was a pleasure to hear for once what each master of his instrument could do therewith. It might be called an exhibition concert. We give the selections in full:

Quartet in C minor, op. 18, No. 4,.....Beethoven
a-Allegro. b-Andante quasi Allegretto. c-Minuetto.
d-Finale.

Messrs. B. LISTEMANN, F. LISTEMANN,
E. GRAMM, and A. HARTDEGEN.....Hummel
Piano Solo, Andante.....
Madame MADELINE SCHILLER.
Flute Solo,.....Briccialdi
Mr. E. WEINER.

Horn Solo, Fantasie,.....André
Mr. A. BELZ.
Capriccio for three Violins, Hermann, Prof. at Leipzig.
Messrs. B. LISTEMANN, E. GRAMM & F. LISTEMANN
Andante con Variazioni, (2d movem't of Quintet in C),
Svendsen.

Messrs. B. LISTEMANN, F. LISTEMANN, E. GRAMM,
A. BELZ, and A. HARTDEGEN.
Violoncello Solo, Militaire Core'to, (Adagio & Allegro),
Servais.

Mr. A. HARTDEGEN.
Piano Solo, Tannhäuser March,.....Liszt
Madame MADELINE SCHILLER.
Notturmo for Violin, Flute and Horn,.....Doppler

The Quartet by Beethoven, one of the finest of the six of op. 18, (all of which it is high time we had revived among us), was in truth admirably rendered; with great purity of tone, clear outline, fine and vital accent, light and shade, and true expression throughout. The fugue-like staccato theme of the Andante was very delicately sustained, and the exhilarating dancelike movement of the finale was full of life and humor. Nor can we doubt that it would all have sounded finely in that hall, if it had been more full of people; as it was, a slight reverberation was perceptible. The Quintet selection, Andante with Variations by Svendsen,—a far less interesting composition,—was also beautifully played. Mme. SCHILLER, the only assisting artist, gave a consummate rendering of the very difficult and highly-embellished Andante by Hummel; the Tannhäuser march we did not hear, but she is equal to anything of that kind. Mr. WEINER's flute was always admirable in the Thomas orchestra, and it is in an orchestra chiefly that the flute has character. These florid concert solos, as we have before said, are almost always of the same cut, and after a few measures we may take the rest for granted. How often they are played extremely well, and yet how little they are cared for! Mr. BELZ certainly proved as good as his reputation on the Horn; he produces a most sweet and mellow tone, which answers promptly to the call, with fine contrast of the strong and manly low tones, and he executes long running passages with as much ease as slow expressive melodies. Mr. GRAMM proved himself an uncommonly good player of the tenor viol, or viola,—a member of the quartet family with which we are too often but indifferently provided; and Mr. HARTDEGEN, whose return is very welcome, is a decided accession to our already excellent corps of violoncellists; he has improved much too since he

left us. The leader, Mr. B. LISTEMANN, himself played no solo, nor did he need to, to make known his rare virtuosity in that way; in leading the Quartet his mastery was asserted in a more important sense.

The quiet little Conservatory Concerts go on every week, the "New England" counting its "three hundred and seventy-sixth" last Tuesday, when a programme of piano-forte and of song music was performed by Miss ALICE DUTTON, and Mr. C. R. HAYDEN. The lady plays very much as formerly, with neat and brilliant execution. Her best selection: the Chromatic Fantaisie and Fugue, and the Variations from "The Seasons" by Handel, we missed hearing. Preludes by Chopin, followed by some rather trivial and commonplace Hungarian Dances by Brahms, received good treatment. But how so genial and sensible a man as the Abbate Liszt, with all his musical experience and judgment, can spend so much of his valuable time in the concocting of such show pieces as *Venezia e Napoli*, is more than we can comprehend. What a temptation there is with these masters of a marvellous technique to let the fingers do the brain's work!

We were pleased with Mr. Hayden's sweet, expressive, tasteful singing of his last two excellent selections (we did not hear the first two, both by Mendelssohn). His tenor voice has certainly improved in power and quality, and in his management of it he has grown less stiff and spasmodic. He sang one of the best of Mendelssohn's songs, the "Reiseliad" of Heine, quite effectively, the graphic wild accompaniment being fairly played by Mr. B. D. ALLEN, of Worcester; and his rendering of Schubert's "Guten Morgen" was truly melodious and sympathetic.

The first "Symphony Concert" of THEODORE THOMAS drew a great audience at the Music Hall on Wednesday evening. The orchestra was as perfect as ever, but the programme singularly "heavy" (if there be any meaning to that word as frequently applied to music) and put together without rhyme or reason. A long, dreary, empty "programme Symphony" by Berlioz, balanced by the heaviest, (in the popular sense we mean) and longest Symphony of Beethoven! But the "programme," (even without the music, which by itself would have sadly puzzled some of them) sufficed for the rhapsodies of the newspaper reporters, and the execution was of course all that Berlioz could ask, though perhaps that eccentric prophet of the modern monster orchestra might have been pleased by having ten times as many instruments.—A very brilliant piano concerto by the young Norwegian, Grieg, was played with brilliancy and dash, as well as delicate finesse in parts, by Mr. BOSCOVITZ. It has some taking themes, traits of the Northern wildness, more suggestions of Gade than of the "Chopin of the North," as he has been absurdly called, and is richly, in parts overpoweringly accompanied by the modern almost Wagnerian orchestration. A more imperative engagement robbed us of the "Eroica."—But this is only in passing: we are too near our printing time for any full report.

The first Symphony Concert of the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION comes next Thursday Afternoon. The programme we have already given. The sale of season tickets has been large, and all promises well for a good edifying feast of classical, pure, genial music.

An "Evening" and a Matinée of "English Glee," by those favorite vocalists from New York (Misses

BEERE and FINCH, and Messrs. BUSH, NILSEN, (a newly added Tenor), ROCKWOOD, BECKETT and AIKEN, with Mr. FLORIO for accompanist, invite the eager crowd of admirers to the Music Hall, next Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon. The programmes are composed purely and simply of Glee, part songs, songs and duets, mostly English, with a few from German composers; "Madrigals" being very properly dropped, inasmuch as they require a chorus for their singing.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28. The first public rehearsal of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society (Thirty-third season) will take place on Friday, Oct. 30, and the first concert will be given Nov. 14. The prospectus announces the usual number of six concerts and eighteen public rehearsals, under the leadership of Herr Carl Bergmann; and the society, having made arrangements with their agents in Europe for advanced copies of new music, will, during the season, add to the list of compositions already announced several interesting works. The names of the solo artists who will take part in the concerts are not yet made public. The music to be performed has been carefully revised by Herr Bergmann, and extra private rehearsals will be had with a view of making the performance as nearly perfect as possible.

Among the orchestral works which will be performed are the following:

SYMPHONIES.

- Beethoven—No. 6. "Pastorale."
- Schubert—op. 150, Instrumented by Joachim. (first time by the Philharmonic Society.)
- Spohr—No. 3, in C minor. (first time by the Philharmonic Society.)
- Schumann—No. 3 in E.
- Haydn—in C minor. (first time by the Phil. Society.)
- Raff—No. 2 in C.
- Mendelssohn—No. 3, A minor. "Scotch."

PROGRAMME MUSIC.

- Liszt: Poème Symphonique, "On the mountain."

INTRODUCTIONS.

- Wagner—"Tristram and Isolde,"
- Cherubini—"Medea."

OVERTURES.

- Dietrich—"Normanzug" (first time) new.
- Weber—"Euryanthe"
- Rubinstein—"Triumphale," new.
- Cherubini—"Les Abencerages,"
- Bennett—"Paradise and the Peri." (first time.)
- Wagner—"Flying Dutchman."
- Schumann—"Manfred."
- Beethoven—Leonore, No. 3.

The concerts will be given Nov. 14, Dec. 12, Jan. 13, Feb. 20, March 20, April 24.

Theodore Thomas will give six Symphony concerts during the season, dating as follows, Nov. 7, Nov. 28, Jan. 9, Feb. 6, March 6, April 10; and in compliance with numerous requests made for several years past he will give one full public afternoon rehearsal, two days in advance of each concert. It is believed by the management, that this arrangement will not only meet the wishes of many who are prevented by distance and other obstacles from attending the evening performances, but will add to the value and attractiveness of the concerts themselves in a manner which every amateur and student of music will at once appreciate.

The Orchestra will number about seventy players; but, should the work to be performed require a larger number, it can be increased to one hundred performers by drawing upon the reserve forces

which Mr. Thomas has always at his service. The price of subscription tickets for the concerts is eight dollars and, for the rehearsals, four dollars. This includes a reserved seat in both cases. The price of single admission tickets to a concert is two dollars, and to a rehearsal one dollar, including reserved seat. Thursday, Nov. 26, being Thanksgiving day, the second rehearsal will be given on Friday.

At the opera representations have been given of *Traviata*, *Aida*, *Faust*, *Trovatore*, *The Barber of Seville*, *Lucia*, *La Sonnambula* and Marchetti's *Ruy Blas*, the latter for the first time in America. The debut of Mlle. Emma Albani on Oct. 21st, in *Sonnambula* was the first event of the operatic season which was received with much enthusiasm by the public and the press. Although all the representations have met with favor in Mlle. Albani, to judge from what I have heard, Mr. Strakosch has found a new star, but, as I have not yet heard her sing, I must reserve my estimate of her talents for a future letter. A. A. C.

PHILADELPHIA. The *Evening Bulletin*, Oct. 22, has the following account of an Organ Recital given by a Philadelphia organist of long established good repute. We understand that these interesting recitals are to be continued through the winter.

St. Augustine's Church was well filled last evening with an audience attracted by the announcement of an organ recital under the direction of Mr. Henry G. Thunder. The programme was arranged in such a manner as to illustrate the various schools of organ music from the time of Bach to the present day, and it was thoroughly interesting as well as instructive. Mr. Thunder began the entertainment by an admirable performance of a fantasia and fugue in G. minor by Bach. It is a solid and massive work, full of wonderful contrapuntal achievements, and possessing remarkable merit as an example of the severe school of composition. This was followed by a contralto solo, *O Salutaris*, from Cherubini, and sung very nicely by Mrs. McHugh. Mr. DuComb, a pupil of Mr. Thunder's, next gave an "Organ Chaconne," by Handel. It was taken rather too slowly, and the player displayed some timidity, but the performance as a whole was quite creditable. Mr. DuComb seems to be a young man of some promise. An *Adagio*, for violin, by Mendelssohn, was given by Mr. Zimmermann very effectively, although, perhaps, with hardly enough warmth and feeling. Miss Cathcart followed with a soprano solo, and Mr. Thunder then gave a quaint, old-fashioned concerto from Bach. A trio by Lachner for organ, viola and violin came next, and was played in a very delightful manner, although the viola sometimes was a little weak. Mr. DuComb gave one of Bistate's offertories in capital style, and after a vocal duo the concert concluded with a Grand Offertorie in C, by Wely, a composition of the romantic school, full of strong and vivid contrasts in tone and color, and having a very pleasing Vox Humana effect in the chorale theme. The entertainment would have been more pleasing if there had been a better organ of larger capacity. When the great organ which is now promised is secured, such players as Mr. Thunder will have a chance to develop to the people rich treasures of music from which they are now almost wholly excluded, for the reason that there is no instrument in any of our public halls upon which organ music can be given with best effect.

ALBANI IN "LUCIA." The *New York Tribune* (Oct. 24), reports as follows:

The Academy of Music being again crowded last night, we may assume that the taste of New York requires not an opera, but a prima donna, and we shall probably hear no more for the present of the manager's intention to improve the *mise-en-scène* and strengthen the subsidiary parts. Miss Albani has restored the star system in all its former vigor. She chose for her second appearance a rôle which is associated in our minds with late triumphs of two of the most highly gifted singers of the day—Christine Nilsson and Ilma di Murska—and it is a remarkable tribute to Miss Albani's talents that even when judged as she must have been by such standards as these she created a real enthusiasm in her listeners. A voice so pure, so fresh, so mellow, has

not sounded in our Academy for many a season. A second hearing gives us no cause to modify in the smallest particular the praise we bestowed upon it before, nor do we find any reason to change our judgment of the young lady's beautiful style and excellent culture. The Mad Scene was an exquisite and elaborate piece of vocalism in which the most minute critic could hardly detect an imperfection. Embellished with a trill of marvelous brilliancy, and sprinkled over with the pearly staccato notes to which we have called attention before as among the chief charms of Miss Albani's singing, it was an astonishing display of dexterity, while it gave us more and more cause to admire the clean and elegant delivery of the voice. We feel when Miss Albani sings that we are listening not merely to an ambitious girl, but to a trained artist. She has not yet displayed any great ability in the expression of passionate emotions, either by voice or action; but in her proper and possibly narrow sphere, she shines as a star of the first magnitude.

In "Sonnambula" her support was discreditable. In "Lucia" it was very much better, Sig. Carpi being *Edgardo*, and Sig. Del Puente, *Ashton*. The tenor was not in his best voice, but he gave the "Fra poco me ricovero" with effect. The setet was repeated.

Worcester Musical Convention. Seventeenth Annual Festival.

A special correspondent of the *Daily Advertiser* gives the following "condensed view of the week's work."

WORCESTER, MASS., Oct. 22.—The seventeenth annual festival of the Worcester county musical convention, held during the week in Mechanics' Hall, closed last evening with a rendering of Handel's oratorio of "Samson." On Monday, the opening day, although comparatively few were in attendance, a good beginning was made, and the practice of the oratorio given last evening began. On Tuesday the morning was devoted to a rehearsal of "Samson," conducted by Mr. Zerrahn. At the matinee in the afternoon the Mendelssohn quartette club sang two of Mendelssohn's part songs. Mrs. Charles Lewis of the Boston Conservatory gave a fine rendering of an aria from "Judas Macabreus," and also the recitative which precedes it. Mr. Munroe sang the beautiful air from "St. Paul," "But the Lord is mindful of his own." Mr. Dudley Buck's performance of a grand sonata for the organ in three movements, a composition of his own, was heartily applauded. It is said that finer playing was never heard in Worcester. The evening was occupied in choice (17) rehearsals, under the direction of Messrs. Ze rahn and Buck. The first concert of the festival occurred on Wednesday afternoon, with Mr. Buck as conductor. The choruses, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come," "Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour," "The Boatmen" and "Sweetly Wandering" comprised the greater part of the afternoon's programme. Master Van Raalte gave two violin solos, which won unanimous admiration. In the evening, at the second concert Mr. Winch of Boston sang "Bid me to live," by Hatton, and "Palm Sunday," by Faure, and as an encore, "The Yeoman's Song." Mr. George L. Osgood's masterly rendering of Goethe's celebrated "Mignon" song won for him the reputation of a cultured singer of classical songs. For an encore he sang the exquisite "Brook Song," by Schubert, and also Millard's "Amalia." Master Van Raalte Miss Henrietta Beebe and Mrs. Kirby also took part in the exercises of the evening. The choruses were well performed, the best of them being the "Evening Hymn," by Buck. The rehearsal of Thursday morning, conducted by Mr. Buck, was altogether the best of the week. At the matinee in the afternoon Mr. E. B. Story gave a fine performance of Chopin's Polonaise in A flat. Madame Marie Bishop sang Beethoven's song "Adeleide." Mr. H. E. Brown gave a selection from Buck's "Don Muniz," "The shadows deepen on the castle wall." Mr. Mason sang the "Two Grenadiers," by Schumann, and Mr. Parish of Worcester gave Dresel's "The Lost Child." The evening concert was participated in by Mrs. Smith of Boston, who sang "When the tide comes in," and "Sweet Bird," and by Mr. M. W. Whitney of Boston, Mr. Sampson of Worcester and Miss Drasidil of England.

A symphony concert was given yesterday afternoon by the Germania orchestra. Mr. Osgood sang "Amalia," by Millard; Miss Anna Drasidil, "Prayer," by Hiller; Mrs. H. M. Smith received an encore for "If in Thy Dreams," a romance by Dudley Buck; and Mr. Whitney for the cavatina of "Non plu andrai." The performance of Beethoven's Second Symphony in D was very fine. The great event of the festival was the concert last evening, when the oratorio of "Samson" was given by the full chorus of nearly four hundred voices, with the Germania orchestra, assisted by the well-known artists, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Anna Drasidil, Mr. George Simpson, Mr. M. W. Whitney, Mr. J. F. Winch, Mr. B. D. Allen, organist, E. B. Story, pianist, and Mr. Carl Zerrahn, conductor. The oratorio was well given and was listened to by a crowded house. The solo parts were well sustained and elicited repeated applause.

The "week of song" has been a success, musically and financially. A noticeable feature of the festival was the introduction of a higher grade of music. So much time has not been given to the practice of hymn tunes as heretofore, but the more elaborate compositions have been more strictly attended to. The treasurer's report showed that the receipts of the festival of 1873 were \$4720; expenditures—general running expenses, \$3452.41; additions to library and other property, \$199.50; gratuities to officers and expenses of S. Wilder's funeral, \$260.25—total, \$3912.16; net gain to treasurer, \$807.84. Proceeds former festivals, \$1082.74; interest received, \$122.66; total fund, \$2013.24. Of this total fund \$1097.49 is in the People's, and \$915.75 in the Worcester, savings bank, subject to the joint order of the president, secretary and treasurer.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Beau Belles. That's the Way the Bell goes. 3. D to e. Vernon. 30
"And to me they seem to tell,
Ev'ry beau should have a belle!"
Very lively comic song. A funny version of "Beau Belles."
Stolen Kisses. 6. Eb to c. Engel. 35
"When kisses are stolen, they're sweet!"
A glorification of kissing that cannot well be excelled. The great compass forbids its singing by any but the highest voices, that may give this with fine effect.
Sweet L Lane. Song and Cho. 3. D to f. Blake. 40
"Come me by the brook, Lena Lane."
A sweet and simple ballad, in popular style.
Secret Hope. (Espoir Secret). 4. F to a. Patti. 40
"Oh, thou Hope, so gently beaming."
"Espérance ravissante."
A gem of a song, both smooth and brilliant, with a neat accompaniment. Written and sung by Adelina Patti, it will not fail to interest. May be sung by Soprano or Tenor.

- Darling, sing that Song again. 3. Eb to e. Webster. 30
"Sing me that one so dearly I love!"
Pleasing song and chorus. Of easy compass.
Fate. 3. Bb to g. Gabriel. 30
"Oh, hapless fate that frowns on me."
Earnest words to fine music.
My Home beside the sea. Song and Cho. 3. G to f. Bricher. 30
"Oh! the dash,—the roar,—the rocky shore,
Magnificent and free."
A beautiful tribute to ocean banks and ocean breezes.

Instrumental.

- Where the Citron Bloometh. (Wo die Citronen bluh'n). Waltz. 3. Strauss. 75
Named from a celebrated German song, and is rich, brilliant, and Strauss-like.
March of the Black Watch. 3. G Watson. 40
A march of great fullness, and with a rich melody.
Course Hongroise. Osik'os-Galop. 4. Db Voss. 75
Of a wild, romantic, gypsy-like character; neat, brilliant and graceful.
Silver Spray Redowa. 3. G Eaton. 25
Short, but very sweet.
Pure as Snow. Idylle. 4 hands. 3. Ab Lange. 35
A short, but very "nice" duet.
Under the Oaks. Picnic Dance. 3. Eb Veazie. 30
A merry, brisk dance, which, when played, may be a reminiscence of jolly times in the green woods.
Turtle Dove Polka. 4 hands. 3. F. Behr. 40
Turtle Doves could hardly warble like this brilliant Polka. The name, however, is a pretty one, and the piece a desirable addition to "4 hand" libraries.
March de Rákoczy. 5. A Liszt. 50
Startling and Liszt-like. Not especially difficult for those who can handle octaves readily. Indeed, it is simplified for an "édition populaire."
In the Greenwood. Reverie. 3. Bb Lange. 35
Very sweet and graceful.
Pretty Subjects for Young Players. Rimbault. ea. 30
1. Marche Romaine. 2. Vorwart's Galop.
3. Highland Sch'che. 4. Lowland Sch'che.
5. Priere d'une Vierge. 6. Cherry Ripe.
7. Little Nell Waltz.
Pretty and useful pieces for learners, and of the 2d and 3d degrees of difficulty. The "Priere" is a simplified arrangement of "The Maiden's Prayer."

